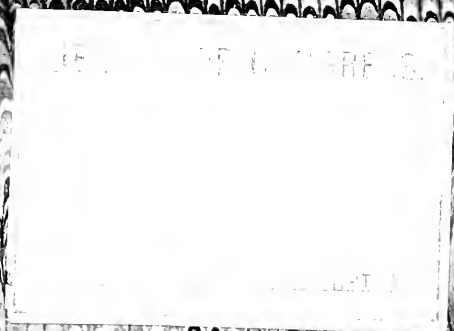


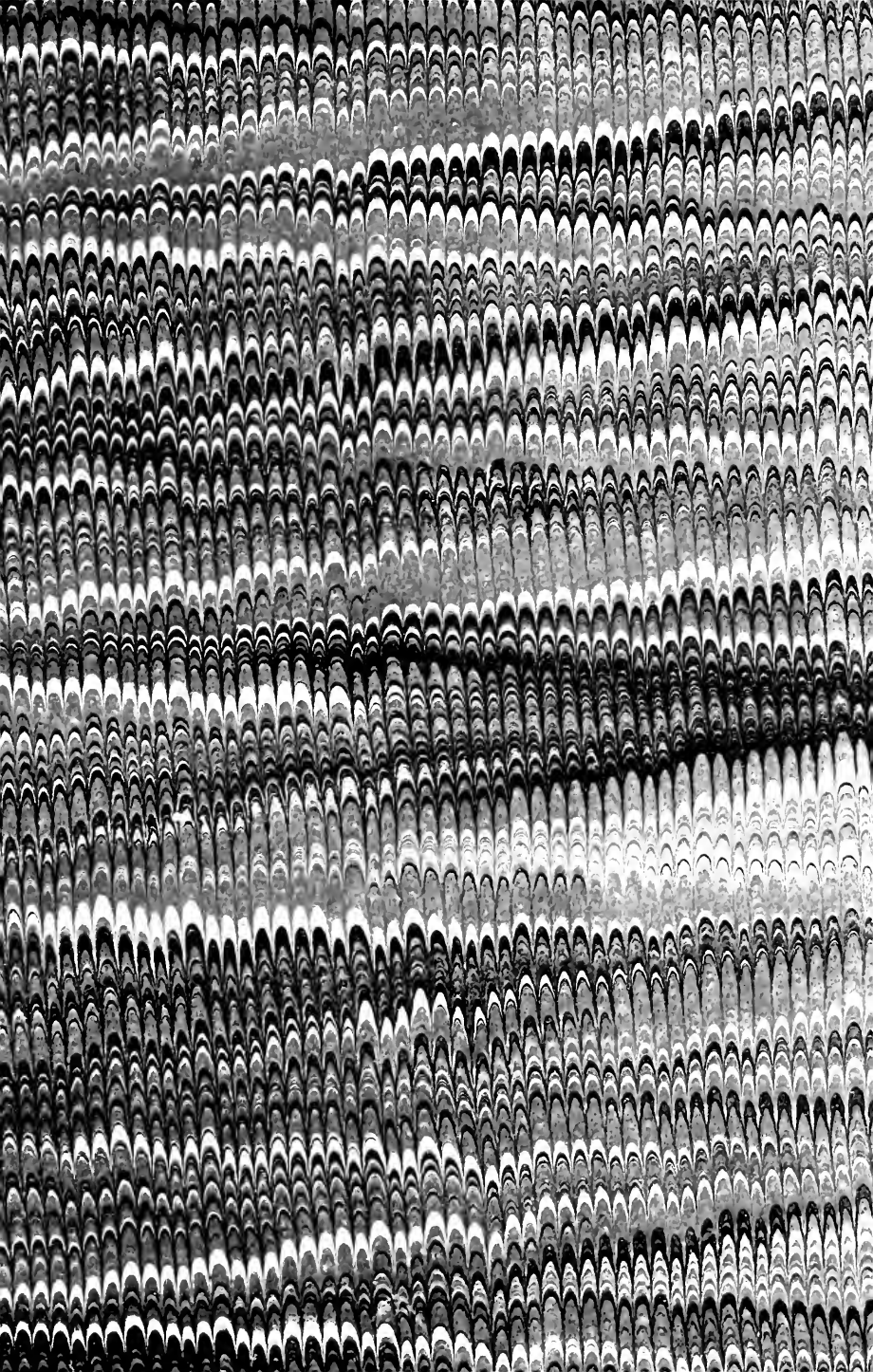
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# RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

## East Tennessee Campaign,

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BATTLE OF CAMPBELL STATION, 16TH Nov., 1863;  
SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE, 17TH Nov.—5TH DEC., 1863.

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BY  
WILL. H. BREARLEY,  
" "  
CO. E., 17th MICH. VOLS.

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DETROIT:  
TRIBUNE BOOK AND JOB OFFICE,  
1871.

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1382  
DETROIT, APRIL 28TH, 1871.

I have examined the statements of facts contained in this article, and find them unusually accurate, so far as they cover the ground.

O. M. POE,  
Major of Engineers, and Brevet Brig. Gen'l, U. S. A.  
Late Chief Engineer, Army of the Ohio.

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In the following Sketches, I cannot, consistently, make further pretension, than that of picturing my own experiences, which necessarily were largely confined within the limits of my own regiment.

That justice may not have been done some equally or more deserving regiments, and that the skeleton of facts, upon which the following incidents are based, may be incomplete through the omission of some detail, there can be little doubt. The desire to preserve the incidents I have hitherto carried in my memory, and to make acknowledgment where justice demanded it, has been my only motive in offering this article to my comrades and those who are interested in the East Tennessee Campaign.

I have been greatly aided through the courtesy of Generals A. E. Burnside, O. M. Poe, and F. W. Swift, who have granted me privileges of conversation and free access to data in their possession; and also, to Generals James Longstreet and E. P. Alexander, of the Confederate service, who kindly gave me permission to publish portions of a private correspondence.

Extracts have been made, by permission, from "Burnside and the Ninth Army Corps," a very complete work published by "Woodbury," and from an article published in the "Atlantic Monthly," of July, 1865; for which favors I am deeply grateful.

AUTHOR.

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\* \* Copies will be forwarded—post paid—on receipt of forty cents.

ADDRESS,

WILL. H. BREARLEY,  
• Detroit, Michigan.




## EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

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### Recollections of the Battle of Campbell Station and the Siege of Knoxville.

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ARCHING three weeks through the Cumberland and Clinch Mountains in mid-summer, had prepared me to enjoy a plunge in the Holston, and for once the object realized did not fall short of my anticipations. I did not even regret to part with my collection of specimens of the soil, which I had gathered from day to day, along the mountain roads, and which I now saw floating away and giving a peculiar color to the water, but an overpowering sense of cleanliness made me sincere when I said, "water is my greatest bodily comfort, and, while I stay near this river, I shall live in constant luxury."

If I should follow the marching and counter-marching, of the Ninth Army Corps, up and down the valley of the Holston, during the summer of 1863, I should have to confess to a life of constant dissipation; no watering place had ever one half the attractions of that placid old river, whether it was in the morning when half the corps was bathing and the combined voice and muscle of thousands of men were disturbing its decorum, or, when the moon and I were standing picket upon its opposite shores, that I admired it most, I never fully decided.

Having one morning formed the determination to cross to the south side of the river, for the purpose of climbing

the heights, to obtain a view of the country, I stepped on the ferry, at the foot of one of the streets of Knoxville, and was swiftly carried to the further side.

A stretch of half a mile of low plats, and then the country rose abruptly into bluffs, which are inaccessible except by roads that occur in two or three places. I climbed the highest of these bluffs, and found it to be the greatest of a range of separate bluffs divided by deep ravines. Burnside had already learned its importance and preparations were being made to fortify it. From there I had a magnificent view of the country about Knoxville, which has been truly called the most beautiful part of East Tennessee.

The route of the Holston could be easily traced to the southwest, and the Loudon heights, thirty-two miles distant, could be distinctly seen, as they rise to mark the place where the Holston river, coming down from the east, unites with the Little Tennessee, and forms the Tennessee river.

Knoxville is situated on the north bank of the Holston and in its immediate vicinity, to the north, east and west, is a succession of hills, to some extent used as sites for suburban residences. On one of these hills, to the northwest of the city, an unfinished earth work was found when the place was first occupied by our forces. This was being completed, and under the direction of Col. O. M. Poe, chief engineer on the staff of Maj. Gen'l. A. E. Burnside, three other earth works were being thrown up to defend the city against cavalry dashes—one to the north and one to the east of the city, and the third was located on my lookout, the bluff, on the south side of the river.

Beyond the hills, to the north, were the buildings of the Tennessee valley railroad. I had cause to remember this railroad and took a peculiar interest in watching a train going west. I had been subjected to several trips backwards and forwards from Knoxville to Loudon, and remembered having, in a number of instances, to get off and help push the train over a grade, and the next moment find the train going, at a terrific rate, down the opposite grade, and know that the engine, although reversed, could not seriously impede it.

The first resting place those unfortunate passengers would find, I knew, would be fifteen miles out at Campbell station, and the second at Lenoir station, twenty-three miles distant. Nine miles further on, the bridge across the Tennessee river had been burned, and the novelty of getting out and walking across on a pontoon bridge would assist them in appreciating the beauties of the village of Loudon.

Half way between the railroad and the river, a wagon road runs west from Knoxville, which I had frequently had the pleasure of exploring in light marching order. At Campbell station the road divides, one fork following the railroad through Lenoir station, to Loudon, and the other running direct to Kingston, which is about fifteen miles north of Loudon.

From Loudon to Chattanooga, I knew that the country was occupied by portions of the Confederate Army, under Bragg, and the almost insurmountable barriers of Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge stood across the way of communications with Grant.

Scouts had been out on a road that ran south from the ferry, past the foot of the bluff, to Marysville, twenty miles distant, but no troops had crossed to occupy the country except those required to fortify the bluff.

On the east, our out-posts had not passed far beyond Greenville, sixty miles distant.

There was but one line of communication open with the North, a wagon road, running north, through the mountains, one hundred and sixty miles to Nicholasville, Kentucky.

I could see the dim outlines of Cumberland gap in the far north, the place where, on our way into Tennessee, I had enjoyed the rare felicity of sitting in three states at once and where I had my first view and formed my first impressions of Tennessee. Half a day's march south of there was where I saw a company of men, women and children from "up in the mountains," who had come to see the "Yankees." The women and children rode on the backs of cows, and one look at the group—the women mounted on home-made saddles

holding the reins, which were fastened to bits in the cow's mouth, a child astride the cow's neck in front, and two or three behind holding on to their mothers, the men in ancient raiment, unshaved and unwashed, leaning on their cattle-goads, and all looking with undisguised wonder at the "no end" of Yankees—one look at such a grotesque group was enough to make one doubt his mother country.

At the end of that day's march we had learned another secret of the land we were exploring. Every house in Tennessee, to be properly supplied with the necessities of life, must have a barrel of "apple-jack."\* We had to leave at that place a few of our boys to *rest* from the *fatigue* of the march and overtake us at their leisure.

But I had no desire to review our march from that place to this; that, with all our subsequent wanderings, were absorbed in the one thought of our present situation. While the Confederate army should remain engaged in watching the movement of Grant in the West, and Meade in Virginia, we might hold our almost undisputed control over East Tennessee. But should they make a determined effort to retake it, the metal of our corps would be undoubtedly tested.

Although our resources were limited and our communication with the North uncertain, I think this view and review made me magnify our strength, for I detected no thought of doubt as I started back to camp—nothing but unqualified confidence in our leader "Old Barnie," (as the men familiarly called him,) and in the efficacy of our rifles.

If my old friend, the river, had revealed the future to me, as faithfully as it did the present, when I looked into it, going back, I would have doubted the character of truthfulness, which I had ascribed to it.

Any one who thinks there is an atom of romance in camp life, must be so far removed from it by time or distance, as not to remember or see the thousand and one things so distress-

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\* Apple Brandy.

ing to Yankee independence. Neither time nor distance have been kind enough to me to make me forget the unpleasant sensations I experienced, the next morning after this trip, upon hearing the "orderlie" call out at the door of my tent "wake up, orders to march."

I had slept without resting, and a breakfast before sunrise did not improve my feelings which were evidently in perfect sympathy with the whole regiment. Of course we grumbled at every thing that occurred—at the cook's coffee, at the marching orders, at the weight of our knapsacks, which were heavy with rolls of damp tent cloths, at an extra twenty rounds of cartridge that were issued, but which were "used in action"\* within the following fifteen minutes, and at the necessity of carrying five days' rations, which were promptly on hand and distributed, and then our *tried* patience became entirely exhausted, when we sat around waiting to hear the call to "attention" till nearly noon, with no tents or trees to shelter us from the sun.

One of Company E then found it necessary to "shy" a "hardtack" at one of Company K, who had spread himself out on a bunk and gone to sleep, with his knapsack for a pillow and his hat for a sunshade—unfortunately, the aim was at fault, for, instead of knocking off the hat with true soldier like precision, after describing a graceful curve through the air, the "hardtack" dealt the dreamer a graceless hard knock on the head. I do not remember the exact order of events that followed. First I lodged an old boot, next a handful of cartridges and then, reinforcements coming up, the engagement became general, and the air became dark with every missile that the camp grounds afforded, and the cast off apparel, old tin cans, etc., of the left wing, exchanged places with those of the right. A few getting hurt, and the Colonel coming out to see what was the matter, an end was made of the nonsense, and the late combatants turned upon their haversacks with appetites made good by the exercise.—The few that thought they

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\* Quartermaster's way of accounting for missing articles.

might venture to go for water before they would be called to attention, hastily gathered up a few canteens, and started for the spring, while others broke up their bunks and made fires to cook coffee, when the water should be brought.

There are few soldiers who cannot appreciate our next grievance, "marching orders countermanded," and just before sunset, we fell to work "pitching tents" over the ruins, grumbling because we did *not* march.

Notwithstanding these, and many other, real and fancied troubles, our leader preserved his well earned popularity. I doubt, however, if the pulse of the corps ever beat more gratefully at the mention of the name of Burnside, than it did, when by his general order, it was announced that the troops were going into winter quarters at Lenoir Station and that one man from each company was to go North on recruiting service.

The Ninth Corps—Brig. Gen. Robt. B. Potter, commanding—was assigned a location in a forest of second growth pine in the immediate vicinity of the station. Brig. Gen. White's division of the Twenty-third Corps was divided—one brigade (Chapin's) occupied ground midway between the station and Loudon—and the remaining brigade was dispatched to Kingston.\* Two batteries and about 700 cavalry, under General Sanders, were sent to occupy the defenses at Knoxville. Burnside's (Department) headquarters and the headquarters of the Ninth and Twenty-third Corps were located at Lenoir station.

Winter quarters speedily developed—a forest of second growth pine was converted into a multitude of six by ten, one-half story log houses, arranged like a regiment marching in "column by companies," with the "distances" policed and graded into company streets. But before there had been more done than to secure the required number of logs with which to build, a good many felt as if they ought to be "looking around." I looked around. I looked first in the direction of an old house I remembered having passed on

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\*Which place they fortified and held during the rest of the fall.

our march, and, being near sighted, I was compelled to go quite to the house to see it distinctly. I found that my hopes had been anticipated by others who had resolved the building into two or three dozen heaps, each of which was surmounted by its owner and proprietor, who, with camp philosophy, was patiently awaiting till his delay in returning should convince his comrade in camp that he had found something too "heavy" to manage alone, and who would come to his assistance. Not a board or brick remained, and I was compelled to look further. Seeing a man emerge from a piece of woods near by, dragging a wide board, I followed back on his trail, and soon reached an old deserted negro shanty. Nothing else was so attractive as the door, and being satisfied that it would make a superb bunk, it was soon thereafter added to my home luxuries. Talking of luxuries, no home comfort was ever enjoyed more than the sleeping qualities of that old door.

When house building was at last finished, we prepared to enjoy camp life to its fullest extent. I had secured enough brick to build a fire-place and chimney; a rack over and behind the bunk was convenient for my gun and accoutrements, while a cupboard, made from a cracker box, over the foot, and a shelf over the head for writing material, completed my internal arrangements.

I regarded said arrangements with a lively satisfaction on the evening of the day following their completion. I was utterly weary from the excitement and labor of building, but a letter from home, a generous meal, a good fire, and the anticipation of rest, were compensation.

The weather had all along been propitious, but a storm setting in just after dark made me thankful that I had been so expeditious in building. First the day's accumulation of leaves in the camp were blown away, then the heavy dashes of rain against the side of the tent, were sure indications of the commencement of a severe storm. The first fall of rain made me aware of the error I had committed in using a

milldewed piece of tent for that part of the roof above the head of the bunk, for the rain came pattering through without any very great interruption. However I was too weary to either attempt to change it, or to move myself, and after pulling my rubber blanket over my head, I lay a few minutes listening to the dropping of the water, the wind rushing and whistling outside, and the coals in the fire place snapping angrily at the rain dropping down the chimney, and then all was silent—no—*all* was not silent, for over the fury of the storm, in successive waves, that broke unceasingly against the side of my tent came the sound of the regiment heavily and rapidly snoring; at one time either flank were engaged while the center was turning; then the center, rapidly rallying, would assume the brunt of the action, while the sound, right and left, grew fainter and fainter, until a report, like a command, would come ringing along down the lines, followed by a general discharge of the entire command. Who, that has ever heard it, will ever forget the sound of a regiment snoring? I cannot recall the stages by which I returned to consciousness.

A no very gentle hand was shaking me, and it was attached to a figure bearing unmistakable resemblance to our orderlie. He said, "I have been here twice before, and if you don't turn out now I will have to pull you out." I inquired what he wanted, but he had told me "twice before," and what he wanted was for me to "turn out." A murmur that arose from all parts of the camp helped to bring me to an upright position, and, my guest retiring, I went out, and although it was not yet light and the rain was still falling in torrents, most of the men were up, preparing their breakfast and beginning to "pack up," for we were *to march at five*.

Just at the first breaking of day, a wet, sleepy, cross and much abused regiment of men started towards Knoxville.

Very little was known of the cause of this movement, and very little disposition was shown to learn it. Some speculated that we were going to Knoxville to fortify the place,



and do "garrison duty," others, that the corps was going north, and after being recruited, would rejoin the "Army of the Potomac," while the report that the march was made necessary by the advance of the enemy was little credited, and the men were satisfied by trying to make themselves as uncomfortable as they had expected to be comfortable.

The movement was in accordance with orders that had been issued by General White, who was temporarily in command during the absence of General Burnside, at Knoxville. The latter, however, sent a telegram countermanding the orders given, and an hour later, when an engine and tender, bearing the General, came down, the columns were about faced, and leaving the wagon trains corralled near Lenoir, the infantry and artillery took up their line of march towards Loudon. Notwithstanding the continued rain and the "heavy" roads, the presence of our commander had produced a noticeable change in the spirit of the troops. An hour before, the men were deliberately covering themselves with mud, as if that were an appropriate mourning for their departed hopes, and their guns seemed to naturally seek a "reversed" position.

Now, the men were all animation, and a slip here, or a fall there, was made the cause of laughing, notwithstanding the rain. I think the secret of it was that we reposed an almost perfect confidence in our leader, a confidence resulting from long and tried associations.

Few corps commanders have ever won the affection and confidence of their men as Burnside did—we never found cause to think our confidence misplaced.

The troops under his command did not exceed 8,000 men; one division of the Ninth corps being left in Kentucky and the other two divisions having been greatly reduced by frequent skirmishing and the excessive fatigues incident to active field service. There were not more than 5,500 men of the corps "present for duty." White's division of the 23d corps, numbering about 3,000 men, were attached to the same command, but as 1,500 men—one brigade—were detached, it left

the available force, with which Burnside operated, not to exceed 8,000.

The first division of the 9th corps was commanded by Brig. Gen. Ferrero, and the second by Brig. Gen. Hartranft. Five six gun batteries, respectively, Benjamin's, Buckley's, Getting's, Van Schlein's and Rømer's, comprised the artillery; the former a battery from the first U. S. "regular" artillery, armed with 20 pounder "Parrots," was the special pet of the corps and considered nearly invincible.

When we had neared the river at Loudon, the route changed to a road running parallel with the river, to the north, and soon the sound of musketry ahead confirmed the report of the approach of the enemy.

We afterwards learned that General Bragg had detached General Longstreet and a force of 12,000 infantry and 2,500 cavalry from his command at Chattanooga, and that the latter's advance, having reached the river, had thrown a poontoon bridge across it and were rapidly crossing their entire force; with the exception of a portion of Wheeler's cavalry, which had been sent to seize and hold the heights south of Knoxville.

It was this news that had influenced Gen. White to retreat towards Knoxville, where the commanding position would enable him to make a more successful resistance. It was this also, that determined Burnside to adopt the more bold measures of moving with all possible haste to where the enemy were crossing, attack those who should have already crossed and if possible destroy them or force them into the river.

I shall never forget the wild and dreary night that followed this day's march. Our brigade was bivouaced in a hollow, covered with heavy timber, where the wet leaves and brittle twigs made more noise, as we moved, than the orders that were given in an undertone. We were to remain here without fires and without removing our accoutrements and wait for further orders. Rumors were rife that we were to make a night attack upon the force of the enemy this side of the

river, and the anticipation of the horrors, and uncertainties of a movement by night, added to the fury of the storm, filled every one with gloomy foreboding.

Later—permission came to build small fires and cook coffee. I can hardly tell how we found it possible to make fires from the water soaked twigs, but within ten minutes, fires had been started in every direction, and groups of dripping soldiers surrounded them, to prevent the reflection of the light from betraying the position, and to look after their respective interest in cups of water that were momentarily in danger of upsetting.

I cannot qualify the reviving effects of coffee. My spirits rose with every swallow of the strong, hot coffee I had prepared, till I indulged in the brighter fancies of home, and I wondered if there really was a North were there was comfort, peace and plenty; I almost doubted it, for there was so great a contrast, and many years seemed to have been crowded into the brief year and a half. It was a bright, but remotely distant picture, in which, I was convinced, I had no part.

About four in the morning, the order came to fall in quietly. Those who had slept were awakened, and the ranks were hurriedly formed by dripping, silent forms, who rendered a mechanical obedience to orders.

Upon reaching the road, we found, greatly to our surprise, that the troops were falling back. There was instant relief from the suspense, preceding what we had supposed to be an attack. Finding no answer to the query of why we were retreating, we filed into the road and began retracing our steps.

We afterwards learned that orders *had* been given to make a night attack, but that, but a few minutes before nine—the appointed time—a courier from Grant—at Chattanooga—had arrived, bringing information that he (Grant) was apprised of the withdrawal of Longstreet's corps from the Army under Bragg, and that he intended to seize the opportunity while they were separated and move upon the latter. Burn-

side was ordered to concentrate his force at Knoxville, and *no* to allow an engagement to occur except in self-defense, or to prevent Longstreet from returning to re-enforce Bragg.

Thus it became necessary for Burnside to change his tactics, much as he regretted the loss of an opportunity for achieving a decisive victory. He has been rather severely criticised for not having acted upon his conviction that he could have routed the enemy, and thus have terminated the campaign. It must be remembered that even *if* successful, the movement would have been contrary to orders from Grant, and that remnants of Longstreet's force would have retreated to, and re-enforced Bragg, which was what Grant expressly desired should *not* be allowed. Then, too, the retiring to Knoxville, fortifying and defending it, would involve a comparatively small loss of men and since Grant had assured him that re-enforcements would be dispatched to him at the earliest practical moment, the possibility of accomplishing the same general results—the saving of loss of men, and the possibility of defeat, which would have fastened upon him, personally, the responsibility of the disaster—each, and all, of these reasons doubtless influenced him in countermanding his orders and inaugurating a retreat.

The return march, the first day, was made with little other opposition than that of the elements.

The difficulties of the day's march occupied our attention to the exclusion even of thoughts of the dangers just escaped, or of those yet in store.

In less urgent circumstances the roads would have been considered almost impassable, for the liberal mixture of water with the red clay soil had produced a substance not so slippery as soap, nor so sticky as wax, yet, in all respects, qualified to receive the appellation of *Tennessee mud*, and through this we *moved*, for we could not *march*, and even moving frequently became a matter of uncertainty. All the rain having fallen that the ground would hold, about noon it cleared off and began to blow cold from the north.

The artillery frequently became stalled and had to be

hauled out with ropes by regiments of infantry, horses would sink down in the mud and be unable to extricate themselves and a detail of some passing regiment would lift them out, oftener, men would have their boots spoken for, and it always provoked a laugh whenever a man had to fall back to recover his shoe which had been surreptitiously taken possession of—I do not wish to exaggerate the picture—I cannot truthfully leave out one of the features.

The hope of rest and fire cheered the men on, and about the middle of the afternoon when the troops turned into a field, about two miles from Lenoir Station. All was forgotten in the preparation to enjoy every moment that should be allowed for rest. My partner started out in quest of wood and water, and, taking our gun-slugs, I moved down upon two large straw stacks that stood near the river—my inspiration was evidently shared by about half the army who were concentrating upon that point with utmost despatch.

One discription will do for all: The slugs were hooked together and laid out on the ground, and as many armfuls of straw laid upon them as they could reach around, and the feat of accurately poising a very large mound of straw, above a pair of comparatively small legs being accomplished, the whole moved off in the direction of camp. Here is solid comfort, I thought, as I drew near, and not so very bad for these war times either.

I shall never forget the scene spread out before me, when at last I extricated myself from the straw and looked back.

The two stacks near the river had entirely vanished, or rather were vanishing as fast as legs could carry them, in every direction, and the appearance of hundreds of mounds of straw moving off without any apparant cause, was too ludicrous to admit of being accurately described. But, alas, within an hour, marching orders came and our brigade moved back to Lenoir, where we remained till 3 p. m., when we took a position north of the rail road, and threw out a line of skirmishers. At dusk the enemy's skirmishers had advanced to within half a mile

and occasional shots were exchanged during the night, along the picket line.

Another night, full of alarms and anxious watching, passed slowly away. The wind was piercing cold, and only one fire was allowed to a company, which must not be allowed to be so large but that it could be concealed by those who stood around it.

Frequently, a few shots, in rapid succession, on the skirmish line, would alarm the main line, and the men would kick out the fires and form into line. After standing a few minutes under arms, until all was quiet again, the scattered brands would be collected and re-kindled, and immediately surrounded by the hands of those who were fortunate enough to form one of the circle; those, less fortunate, would lie down on the ground, and pulling the capes of their great-coats about their heads, drop into a sleep from which they would be startled by a push of a foot and the hurried words "fall in."

At four o'clock the position was abandoned, and, soon after we stacked arms in sight of our old winter quarters.

Near the station about one hundred baggage wagons were corralled, and as the mules were needed to move the artillery, it became a military necessity to destroy the train, and a detachment of White's division of the 23rd corps were engaged in cutting the spokes of the wagon wheels, cutting up or burning the harness, tents, officers' baggage, &c., &c., while barrels of bacon, coffee, and sugar were burst open and distributed to the men, and what they could not take was destroyed. Many of the men, who feared a scarcity of rations in the future, loaded themselves with a supply, which if they had not been obliged to unburden themselves of during the day would have gone far towards mitigating the miseries of the siege that followed.

It was about six o'clock, the morning of the sixteenth of November, that the troops took up their line of retreat in the following order. The 79th New York (Highlanders) were dispatched to Knoxville as a guard with the trains, which

were started in advance of the retreat, then followed Chapin's brigade of White's division of the 23rd corps and the second division of the Ninth corps under Hartranft, with orders to occupy and hold the hills near Campbell station. Colonel Christ's (second) brigade of our (first) division then followed, with similar orders, except that they should hold themselves ready to aid the first and third brigades in case of necessity. With the exception of a section\* of artillery to each of our three brigades, all the artillery was to be as advantageously posted, at Campbell station, as possible, to cover the retreat of the infantry, should they be hard pushed when they had reached that point.

The first brigade, of our division, was sent to hold the junction of the road, where the Kingston road joined the main road, which was about one mile short of the station where the main body of the troops were stationed. It was rightly feared that Longstreet would send a column down that road to intercept the retreat.

It was after seven before our brigade filed into the road and took up their line of retreat. First was the 20th Michigan, under command of Colonel Smith, next the Second Michigan, under Major Byington, and the Seventeenth Michigan, under Colonel Comstock, was chosen to perform the duties of rear guard. We realized, in some measure, the critical nature of the important task assigned us. To cover the retreat of an army in front of a powerful enemy coming upon us in light marching order, was a task not to be coveted.

A detail of three companies from our regiment, "E," "K," and "G," was made for skirmishers, with Major F. W. Swift in command; companies "E" and "G" at first acting as "reserve," while company "K" deployed to the right and left of the road. Orders were given for the regiment to keep within a quarter of a mile of the rest of the brigade, for the reserve to allow one hundred yards between themselves and

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\* Two pieces of cannon.

the regiment, and the deployed line of skirmishers to keep within fifty yards of the reserve, and to "preserve distances."

We had not gone in this order, more than three quarters of a mile, before reports of rifles were heard, and soon after, the detachment of the 23d corps, who were left to complete the destruction of the train, came up in hasty retreat and reported that the enemy had compelled them to abandon their work.

Notwithstanding the approach of the enemy, many of the men of our division seemed utterly unconscious of their personal danger, and we frequently came up with stragglers, who were sitting by the side of the road, to rest, and only the sight of the confederate skirmishers, who were following, half a mile distant, would make them move on.

One old cook, who was loaded down with the spoils from the wagon train, was resting near the road, and when told that he had better "limber up" and move to the rear if he didn't want to be captured, he said, "you can't fool me, I'm not afraid; I am an *old* soldier." We left him sitting there, smoking, with a look of quiet satisfaction on his face, which considering the circumstances, was made more ludicrous, by the weight of the meat and conceit he carried.

Company "K" was then relieved by Company "E," who deployed to the right and left of the road, guiding on the center. There were but twenty-one men in our company, at the time, including non-commissioned officers, and the men deploying at intervals of about ten feet, made a line of about two hundred feet in length.

Soon a shot was heard, almost immediately accompanied by a clatter of brogans, and our old friend, the cook, came bearing down upon us, the perfect picture of fright. There was no fatigue noticeable about his gait, and he made excellent time till he was out of sight; his camp-kettles and pans clashing at every jump. It has been said, a "fool can take an army into a fight, but it takes a *general* to withdraw them." I am sure that nothing but the great experience he



possessed enabled him to make so masterly a withdrawal of his "forces" in the presence of the enemy; in point of celerity and success I have never seen it equaled.

When within a mile-and-a-half of the junction of the roads we were compelled to halt for some time to allow the troops to cross a creek, where they were necessarily delayed, and the enemy's skirmish line advanced to within rifle range and halted, while we could plainly see them hurrying up troops from the rear and forming a line of battle not far in the rear of their skirmish line. Their lines extended nearly across an open field, 400 yards wide, and just as we resumed our retreat they commenced advancing.

Just as General Ferrero, who commanded our division, was sitting down to dinner at a house a mile back, (we were examining our cartridges and the priming of our rifles), and just as the first shot came whistling through the trees, a little too high for the head of one of our company, the General arose from his table, with the remark, "Gentlemen, the ball is opened."

Companies "G" and "K" were instantly deployed to the right and left of company "E"—and the men, securing the protection of trees and stumps, opened a fire that checked the advance of their skirmish line, and their main line hastened up to their support. Had the smallest fraction of the volleys then poured in, been accurately delivered, our handful of men must have been swept away, for the sound of the bullets striking the trees, mostly over our heads, was like hail on a roof; but a comparatively small proportion of bullets were aimed low enough to do execution.

Almost at the first fire, one of our boys was struck on the side of the head, and, throwing his rifle forward, fell on his face—dead. Soon after, another had an arm broken, and started to the rear, holding up his bleeding arm with his hand, and another, wounded in the leg, while attempting to crawl away on his hands and knees, was struck in the head, and fell in the passage, between a log and stump, through which he was passing.

Men were beginning to drop, here and there, in the other companies, and the enemy having started columns of men on either flank to cut us off, it became necessary for the skirmish line to abandon their position.

Not greater is the masterly manipulation of an army by an experienced general, than the control of a soldier's mind amid the awful and uncertain surroundings of a battle field. While he has an ear to orders, and quick hands and feet to execute, and eyes that comprehend the terrible reality of the situation, his thoughts fly, quick messengers, from the present to the past, and from the past to the future. Every picture brought up is clearly defined, the judgments of conscience upon them are undisputed, and the resolutions for the future, if spared, or the hope of mercy, if called, are made and craved with an earnestness that, for the time at least, is sincere.

But so deep are his convictions, so real the actual presence of death, that sooner than be hurried into the presence of his Maker unprepared, almost are his honor and remembrance of his loved ones at home forgotten.

So great is the activity of his mind, that the thought-labor of a year is performed in an hour, and so great is the exercise, that he wipes the perspiration off his face, on that cold November day, with his powder-blackened hand.

The story of a battle can never be told in words, it dwells only in the remembrance of experience.

When Major Swift gave orders for the line to fall back to the regiment and take their position as companies in the regiment, nearly every man, knowing the nature of the work before him, threw off his heavy knapsack, and, unencumbered, soon rejoined the command.

When we reached the regiment we found the men in considerable confusion. The nearly fatal mistake of attempting to form the regiment in the bottom of a ravine, with the water and high bank behind us, did not tend to restore order. The enemy had entered the ravine both above and below us, and were pouring in an enfilading fire, which, with the fire from in

front, was doing execution in our ranks. Two color-bearers had been wounded, and the men were beginning to fall here and there, while the position was not one that would admit of our returning a shot. Soon the men began to break from the ranks and start to the rear; first it was by one and twos; soon it was little short of a rout. The Colonel and some of the line officers did their utmost to check the panic. Captain Tyler showed a bleeding arm to the men and implored them not to run. Colonel Comstock called on them to remember "South Mountain," where the regiment had earned so fair a reputation, and displayed the utmost bravery, but to no purpose. The men would not remain in the bed of the ravine; and with the exception of the killed and wounded, and a few who took the protection of an old wooden distillery and opened a well-directed fire on the enemy in the ravine, above and below, the men forded the creek and scaled the bank beyond, regardless of orders. There had never been a time when our regiment was so near disgrace, nor when quick, efficient measures were so needed.

We ever afterwards had cause to remember, with gratitude, the timely service of our Major, F. W. Swift. Seeing the colors fall with the third color-bearer, he took them, and calling to the men, said, "We have fallen back just far enough; we will form here." Some one asked, "Who shall we form on?" He replied, "*Form on me!*" If ever words were "fitly spoken," they were spoken then. It was a critical moment, but happily the retreat was arrested, and the men, rapidly forming in order, were able, with a rapid, well-delivered fire, to check the advance of the enemy, who had crossed the ravine, and now came up, with cheers, on a charge. A return charge was made, with the utmost enthusiasm, by our regiment; and whether it was the surprise, or the belief by the enemy, that we had received reinforcements, I know not, but their charge was turned into a precipitate retreat; and we resumed our retreat slowly and in good order.\*

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\* From Sergeant Morgan Dowling, who was captured at the old distillery, I learn

Suddenly the welcome sound of a cannon was heard; and while the shot was rushing over our heads, another followed, and, a moment later, we came within sight of the rest of the brigade, drawn up on the crest of a slight eminence just beyond.

We were greeted with cheers by the Second and Twentieth, and forming on the left of the brigade, and the artillery "limbering up," and starting in advance, the brigade began to fall back.

The enemy, having re-formed, came up with a line which had been largely reinforced by fresh troops, and when within range, advanced, with cheers, on a charge. A rail fence happening to be situated parallel to our line, and but a few rods in the rear, we soon reached it and dropping behind it, and resting our rifles on the rails waited till their line came within short range, when a volley threw them into confusion, and before it could be re-formed a second volley scattered and drove them back.

A stubborn resistance was made to every succeeding attack, the brigade employing every interval in retiring as fast as possible. The brigade commander—Col. Wm. Humphrey—mounted on a snow white horse, and forming a most conspicuous mark, seemed omnipresent at all points along the brigade line, and added, by his presence, not a little to the steadiness of the troops.

In one of the attacks, Col. Smith, of the Twentieth Michigan, was killed at his post, at the head of his regiment. It is to be regretted that he was not spared to enjoy the reputation, won that day, under his guidance, by his regiment.

Heavy volleys of musketry were heard in the direction of

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that our charge produced a wonderful result. Their men running back in a perfect panic, did not stop till they had re-crossed the creek; and that, just previous to our charge, General Longstreet came to the further bank of the creek, and, alighting, began questioning the prisoners, who had been taken at the old distillery, in regard to our numbers and position. While he was talking, our charge was made, and as his men came running back in confusion, he turned his attention to his troops, giving orders to the reserve to move up rapidly, and sending brigades to either side of those in our front, to operate on our flanks. A moment after he mounted to ride away, the first shot from our cannon struck on the exact place where he had been standing.

the Kingston road, and it was evident that Morrison's brigade were engaging the troops Longstreet had sent to intercept us. However sanguine the enemy were of accomplishing that plan when it was designed, it was soon proven to be a difficult one to demonstrate, for the old first brigade "didn't drive worth a cent," and proved to be a sufficient barrier till we had passed the junction, when they too fell back and united. We soon gained the cover of the artillery at Campbell station.\*

Thus far, only the first and third brigade of our division had been engaged. The former, fortunately, having been under fire but a few minutes, suffered but a slight loss. In our brigade the loss was more severe. Our regiment lost about 60 and the 2d and 20th Michigan about 35 each.

On either side of the village of Campbell station, were

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\*From an account published in 1865, by the Major of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts, one of Morrison's brigade, the following extract is taken:

"Near the junction of the roads, we advanced into an open field, and at once formed our line of battle in rear of a rail fence. The Eighth Michigan was on our left and the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania was deployed as skirmishers. The rest of our troops were now withdrawing to a new position, back of the village of Campbell station; and we were left to cover the movement.

"Unfurling our colors, we awaited the advance of the enemy.

"There was an occasional shot fired in our front, and to our right; but it was soon evident that the rebels were moving to our left in order to gain the cover of the woods.

"Moving off by the left flank, therefore, we took a second position in an adjoining field.

"Finding now the enemy moving rapidly through the woods, and threatening our rear, we executed a left half wheel, and advancing on the double quick to the rail fence, which ran along the edge of the woods, we opened a heavy fire.

"From this position the enemy endeavored to force us.

"His fire was well directed, but the fence afforded us a slight protection.

"For a while we held the enemy in check, but at length the skirmishers of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, who were watching our right discovered a body of rebel infantry pushing towards our rear from the Kingston road.

"Colonel Morrison, our brigade commander, at once ordered the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts and Eighth Michigan to face about, and establish a new line in rear of the rail fence, on the opposite side of the field.

"We advanced on the double quick, and reaching the fence, our men, with a shout, poured a volley into the rebel line of battle, which not only checked its advance, but drove it back in confusion.

"Meanwhile the enemy in our rear moved up to the edge of the woods, which we had just left, and now opened a brisk fire.

"We at once crossed the fence in order to place it between us and his fire, and were about to devote our attention again to him, when orders came for us to withdraw, it being no longer necessary to hold the junction of the roads, for all our troops and wagons had now passed."

low ranges of hills on which the artillery was posted, and between these the infantry was placed, with Hartranft's division on the left. White's division of the 23d corps, in the center, and Ferrero's division on the right. The whole field for a half mile back was open to view, and about noon, three lines of Confederate troops emerged from the woods and advanced rapidly to the attack. Their heavy and well "dressed" ranks, with their colors flying, formed an imposing spectacle. No sooner were they fairly in view than our batteries opened on them first with shot and shell, then their line "closing up" and continuing to advance, with cannister. No troops could stand it, and they fell back to the woods in the greatest confusion.

Soon the enemy's artillery began firing, at first wildly, soon with considerable precision, and was directed against the infantry of our division. All our guns were turned on the their batteries and the hills trembled under the reverberation. Soon we discovered a heavy column of the enemy advancing, under cover of the smoke, upon our right. The second brigade of our division immediately changed front, and a portion of the artillery turning and throwing double charges of cannister at short range, checked their progress, and they retreated to the woods. Almost immediately an attempt was made to turn our left, the enemy coming up evidently to strike Hartranft's left and rear. Again the "war dogs" were let loose and the enemy's broken ranks sought the shelter of the woods.

Longstreet must have suffered a terrible loss, for nothing short of punishment would have checked his veteran troops.

Seldom during the war, had there been given so unobstructed a view of the whole field, as spread itself out before our position. During the enemy's advance, the execution of our artillery was attested by hundreds who saw great gaps made in their ranks by our firing; they would immediately "close up" and advance—the artillery at every discharge making fearful havoc among them—till finally they would

break, and the route back to the woods was in every respect a *route*.

There was a fascination, in watching the artillery, that I could not resist, each gun seemed like a living, moving evil spirit, surrounded with a halo of sulphurous smoke. At the time of the assault, the scenes shifted as constantly as the views in a kaleidoscope, and at each shift the gunners and their "spirits" assumed new tableaux. Near one of the batteries, when the wind would lift the smoke a little, we could distinguish a pair of boots that resembled Burnside's boots; and judging from an occasional glimpse of an old soft felt hat, which seemed to be nearly above them, we knew that somewhere between, our commander had his headquarters established.

Under cover of the first shades of night, the troops began falling back. Seventeen long, muddy miles lay between us and Knoxville, unlighted by anything save an occasional star that looked through some rift in the clouds that were traveling on and over us toward Knoxville—seventeen of the longest, weariest miles that it has ever been my misfortune to travel.

Seventeen will not begin to number the times I went to sleep while walking, nor the times I wished for nothing better than the privilege of lying down beside the road for a few minutes' sleep.

So successfully was this movement executed, that it was not till morning revealed our absence, that Longstreet received his first intimation of our withdrawal.

Col. O. M. Poe had preceded us two days, having left us at Lenoir, by General Burnside's order, and by dint of uninterrupted labor, had completed designs for defenses. The four original earthworks were "pressed into the service," without any very great remodeling, for although they had been constructed for an entirely different purpose, and were necessarily illy adapted to the contingences of a siege, the demand for *immediate* defenses was far too great, and the time allowed too limited to think of constructing others in their places

which should conform in every respect to *rules* for constructing siege defenses. Favorable intermediate positions were selected for twelve additional forts and batteries, and it was rightly conjectured that when our artillery should occupy them, and the infantry had constructed connecting lines of breastworks, the position would be an unusually secure one. The morning of the 17th of November, as the troops came in they were assigned positions by Col. O. M. Poe. The first division of the Ninth Corps occupied the line to the west of the city, from the Holston north to the earthwork—afterwards known as Fort Sanders—thence east to “Second Creek,” which coming down from the north forms the western boundary to the city. The second division held the line from there to Temperance Hill, which was a considerable eminence immediately east of “First Creek,” running parallel to Second Creek, and forming the *eastern* boundary to the city. The remaining line, running still further to the east, to Mabery’s Hill, and thence south to the river, was held by the portion of the Twenty third Corps. Benjamin’s and Buckley’s batteries were assigned to Fort Sanders, and Roemer’s battery occupied an earthwork half way between the Fort and the river, known as “Battery Noble,” and another, thrown up in front of the State University, which occupied a commanding position in the rear of Battery Noble, and overlooked it, and was known as “College” or “University Hill” battery, but afterwards christened “Fort Byington.” Two guns garrisoned the former, and the remaining four the latter. East of Fort Sanders, at unequal distances, were the earthworks, afterward known as Batteries “Zoellner” and “Galpin,” and “Fort Comstock.” Next east “Battery Wiltsee” formed the most northern one of the four works already constructed; east of this “Battery Billingsby” formed the last fortification to the west of First Creek, while east of First Creek, upon “Temperance Hill,” was “Fort Smith” and two batteries—“Lee” and “Stearman.” “Fort Hill,” situated on Mabery’s Hill, was the fourth original earthwork, and formed the most east-



ern portion of our defenses. Along this line of defenses the remaining artillery of the Ninth Corps was stationed, while "Battery Fearn," near the river, on the east, and earthworks on the bluffs to the south of the river—afterward known as "Fort Stanley," and batteries "Dickerson" and "Higley"—were garrisoned by the artillery of the Twenty-third Corps.\*

A requisition for laborers had been made upon the citizens of the town and work on the defenses had been begun while the army were still holding the position at Campbell station, the sound of the cannonading giving an impetus to their labor; the work, however, was little more than begun when the troops returned and took their position along the lines. Notwithstanding the fatigue resulting from marching and fighting, the men were able to appreciate the remarks of General Ferrero, when he rode up to where Colonel Comstock was standing and said, "tell your men, Colonel, that they will have to hold this position"—pointing to a row of stakes where breastworks were to be thrown up—"or go to Libby Prison." Two hours were given for rest, and were instantly appropriated, the men lying down wherever they were standing. General Burnside's headquarters were established at a large brick house in the city, on "Gay" street, known as the "Crozier House," and just as the troops were lying down to rest, the General sent a request to General Sanders and Colonel Poe, to report to him for consultation; of the latter, he inquired, "how long will it be before the rifle pits will be so far completed that they can be used as defenses?" "To-day noon," was the reply. Turning to General Sanders, he asked, "can you hold Longstreet till that time?" On receiving a positive "yes" in reply,

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\*On our division line, the first brigade held the left, their left resting on the river and their right on Fort Sanders. The third brigade garrisoned the fort, and held the line towards the east for about 800 yards, and the second brigade occupied the right, with its right extending to Battery Galpin. In our brigade, the Seventy-ninth New York held the left, garrisoning the fort. First to the east was the Second Michigan, next the Twentieth Michigan, and last, and holding the right, the Seventeenth Michigan. It was not till after the siege that any of these forts and batteries were named. By a general order General Burnside gave them the names of officers who had been killed at the battle of Campbell station, and the siege of Knoxville.

the conversation turned upon the number and condition of the troops composing the brigade, which General Sanders said were "700 strong, and in good fighting trim."

While Sander's cavalry—which had been previously holding the town—were going out to retard the advance of Longstreet, the troops were enjoying utter unconsciousness of everything about them, and nothing, no matter *how* tempting, could have purchased the immediate possession of those two hours of sleep. The sun rose just as those two shortest yet most satisfactory hours of my life had expired, and preparation was made to complete the earthworks. The work of throwing up redoubts and breastworks was prosecuted with all possible despatch; there was a scarcity of entrenching tools, but every axe, pick and spade was kept in constant requisition by willing workers, who worked to the time of brisk skirmish firing between the enemy's advance and our cavalry.

Knowing that a single brigade of cavalry could not long prove a very serious barrier to Longstreet's force, we expected every moment to be obliged to throw down our tools and take up our rifles, hence, our first desire was only to effect a temporary protection, and the trenches were of the most simple character, made by digging a ditch four feet wide and as many deep, throwing the earth excavated on the outside, making an embankment which was about shoulder high when we were standing in the trenches.

During the afternoon of the 18th, there was considerable skirmishing between the dismounted cavalry under General Sanders and Longstreet's advance; the former, protected by rail fences, received and repulsed several charges of the enemy. Later in the day batteries were brought up, and opening a heavy fire, our troops were obliged to fall back. It was at this time that General Sanders was mortally wounded and was carried back into Knoxville, where, next day, he expired. Colonel E. P. Alexander, who at this time was Chief of Artillery and Chief Engineer on Longstreet's Staff, refers to him in a letter which I have, dated October 18, 1870. He says:

"Poor Sanders was a warm personal friend. I parted with him in San Francisco, in May, 1861, when, on my way home. He accompanied me on board the steamer. I suppose I next saw him, but I did not recognize him, on the afternoon he was killed, when I fought his command with two of my batteries and some South Carolina troops, charging a rail breast-works they held."

The enemy then proceeded to besiege the place, establishing lines parallel with ours within cannon range, throwing up redoubts for their batteries, which on the third day of the siege engaged our batteries in a lively artillery duel.

Their main force lay to the west and north of us while their cavalry scouted to the east, and prevented our sending out foraging parties in that direction. On the south of the river we held almost undisputed possession, and most of the supplies used during the siege were drawn from the country on that side. The cavalry that Longstreet had despatched, when he first crossed above Loudon, to seize and hold the bluffs, had been foiled in their attempt, and had returned to the north side of the river.

When Sander's cavalry had retired within the fortifications, part of them were assigned positions in support of the batteries to the east and south of the city, while a portion were held as a general reserve to be moved to any threatened point.

In front of our entire line, and parallel to it, at a distance of from 800 to 1,000 yards, we established a line of skirmish pits, dug at intervals of 30 feet, each being large enough to protect two men.

The morning of the 19th revealed a parallel line of the enemy's skirmish pits, within short range, which had been thrown up during the night.

Thereafter during the siege there could be no communication between our main line and the skirmish pits during the day time. The regular "relief" went around at 9 p. m., and the men posted at that time remained on duty 24 hours.

The loss of the Seventeenth Michigan at Campbell station, with the few that sickness and fatigue had rendered unfit for duty, left our regiment with not more than three hundred men, the daily detail for skirmishers was about ninety men, thus bringing us on duty nearly every third day, while, on the days we were *off* skirmish duty, large details were frequently made of men to work on the forts and batteries, and what time remained was employed in sleeping or strengthening our breastworks.

Directly west of Fort Sanders, and within the enemy's skirmish line, there stood a large brick house, which, with two log barns near it, served as a cover for the enemy's sharpshooters, who were thus enabled to keep up an annoying fire upon our men in the fort.

It was finally considered necessary to burn the buildings, and our regiment was selected for that purpose. Five men volunteered for "burners," who were placed under the direction of Major F. W. Swift, and were equipped with axes, port fire, cotton, turpentine and matches. At 9 o'clock the evening of the 20th, the regiment was withdrawn from their position, and passing to the rear and left of the fort, and scaling the breastworks to the right of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts, were advanced to the skirmish line, and after stopping a few minutes to re-form, the men began a cautious advance.

When within a hundred yards of the enemy's skirmish line, their men discovered our advance, and opened fire—our signal for a charge. Our Colonel gave orders in a loud voice, as if commanding a brigade, and with cheers, which were full loud enough to convey such an impression to the Confederate skirmishers, the line advanced on a run. Their men fled with very little ceremony, and our regiment, advancing beyond the houses and halting, the burners took possession of the buildings.

The brick house had evidently been used as headquarters of the picket reserve. One of the burners, while opening the door had a Confederate soldier dodge out under his arm. There

were evidences of the hasty retreat of the other inmates in an overturned chair and an officer's sword hanging on a nail in the parlor. In two of the corners of the room, blankets were spread out, which had evidently been occupied but a moment before; these with a baking-kettle full of warm biscuits, which was standing on the fire-place hearth, showed how perfect had been the surprise, and how precipitate their retreat. It was the work of but a moment to fire the house, but at first it seemed an almost hopeless task to set fire to the barns. Chairs and tables were brought from the house and broken up into kindling, still the logs, being damp, did not readily take fire. The house, however, was soon all ablaze, and thinking the work had been completed the regiment began retreating. Seeing that without support the barns could not be effectually fired, word was sent to the regiment, which was about faced at once, but mistaking the order to advance to the former position for one to begin firing, a heavy fire was opened, which for a time placed the lives of the burners in the greatest danger from our own bullets. The mistake lasted for a few moments however, and not long after the former position was regained. The buildings having been effectually fired, a retreat was ordered. The enemy had evidently been totally deceived, and it was not till the light from the buildings revealed to them our two hundred men full half way back to our lines, that they learned that the anticipated attack was instead a successful sortie. A furious cannonade was at once opened from their batteries, and the *surprise* was transferred from them to us, for it will always remain a matter of surprise to me that but two of our men were killed. Stopping in the pits of the first brigade, till the light of the burning buildings should die down, the men, with few exceptions, were engaged watching the fire, and repeating to each other the incidents of the evening. Those *few exceptions* were engaged in making a scientific reconnoissance of the Major's pockets, from which a suspicious warmth was radiating. Alas, such are the chances of war, he had to sur-

render. He said "I never felt so bad in my life as when I saw those biscuits in danger of burning." During the entire war there was not probably a more hazardous undertaking successfully executed than that evening's work. The next morning, General Burnside issued a general order, complimenting our regiment.

On the 21st and 22nd of November, there were indications of a movement being made within the enemy's lines, and every possible precaution was taken along our lines to guard against surprise. Nothing unusual occurred, however, except that, on the morning of the 22nd, a rifle-pit, about eighty feet long, was discovered to have been thrown up in front of the Confederate skirmish-line, to the north of Fort Sanders.

It was determined to drive them away from this pit, and fill it up, which unenviable task was assigned to the 2nd Michigan. Early on the morning of the 24th, one hundred and ninety-seven men—all who were on duty of that regiment—advanced out to their skirmish-line, and, waiting till the signal was given, advanced rapidly on the Confederate rifle-pit. Their entire skirmish-line, at that point, opened a steady fire upon our men, who, notwithstanding they were losing heavily, pressed forward, and actually succeeded in driving the occupants from the pit, and partially filling it up. The enemy's reserve coming up, however, and opening a rapid fire, our men were compelled to retire. An affection had always existed between the 2nd and 17th, and when, as the survivors of the former began coming in one by one, each telling the same story, which confirmed our worst fears, universal indignation expressed itself, in no measured terms, upon the man, whoever he was, who was responsible for the butchery, as it was appropriately termed. Sixty-nine out of the one hundred and ninety-seven had been lost, including Major Byington, who, commanding the regiment, was reported mortally wounded, and left on the field. Writing an addition to a journal-letter next day, I said, "A great many of the dead were left in the enemy's hands; one man, lying in plain

sight, I can see with a glass, has had his clothes taken off. Some of the wounded, after having laid between the lines all day, crawled in during the night; one of them had had his shoes and stockings taken off and the contents of his pockets removed by the rebels, who supposed him to be dead."

The evening of that day the skirmishers of the 2nd brigade, who held a position just beyond the machine-shops belonging to the railroad, were attacked and driven in. Acting upon orders, the buildings, above twenty in number, were fired, to prevent their being used by the enemy's sharpshooters. An old brick store, which had formerly been a Confederate arsenal, burned with the rest; it contained a large quantity of ammunition, of sizes which did not fit our guns, but which made excellent fireworks. The sound of exploding shells resembled heavy cannonading; add to that the snapping and crackling of the flames as they climbed up the sides of the buildings, catching hold of each window and opening them as they went, together with the noise of falling timbers and an occasional crash as some roof fell in, and but a rude description is given of a scene that was looked at, nearly all night, by two hostile armies. We afterwards learned that the light of the burning buildings defeated a plan of the enemy, who intended to assault that part of our line. The skirmishers re-occupied their line in the morning without opposition.

During the night of the 24th, the enemy threw a pontoon bridge across the Holston, below their line, and having crossed a considerable body of troops, on the morning of the 25th, an unsuccessful attempt was made to occupy the heights to the south of the river; failing in that attempt, they finally succeeded in planting a battery upon a knob, two thousand three hundred yards down the river, from which an enfilading fire was opened at Fort Sanders. Their skirmishers were more than ordinarily active, also, and men who were standing within our main line were frequently fired at; an orderly with dispatches, riding up to our Colonel's head-quarters, was shot through the heart, and, an hour later, while a group of our

officers were holding a consultation, the Colonel received a mortal wound in his side.

Notwithstanding the next day was our national thanksgiving day, the death of Colonel Comstock cast a gloom over the regiment that not even General Burnside's cheerful general order in regard to observing the day, could entirely remove. Only a small detail of men could be spared to form the funeral escort, and this last service, that we were allowed to perform for one we had loved, was soon completed.

The 26th of November was a cold fall day, and the loss of our blankets and extra clothing at Campbell station, rendered us illy prepared to endure exposure. Very few of our Company had either overcoats or blankets, for these, together with our tents were in the knapsacks we had thrown off, at the beginning of that engagement. In lieu of tents, we dug holes in the bank, back of the trenches, and when off duty, two of us would crawl in, and the warmth of each other's bodies was the only covering.

I recall a characteristic scene towards the close of that day when two soldiers were hovering over a fire of twigs they had built in the bottom of the trench, the wind frequently blowing the smoke in their faces, notwithstanding their attempts to ward it off with their hands. They were talking of thanksgiving at home, and recounting the savory dinners they had thoughtlessly eaten, with thankless hearts, in times past, and were wondering what their people at home were doing, and whether they were remembered. An occasional shot from some misguided "Greyback" passing overhead, attracted less attention than the evolutions of sundry squads of *domestic* "Greybacks" that were endeavoring to gain strategic positions under those soldiers' blouses, and frequent appropriate gestures, that were needed to round off and add grace to some sentence in the conversation, were suddenly arrested and used to intercept some hostile movement.

From the first, the question of rations was the most difficult one to answer of any of the knotty problems that the siege propounded. When the place was first invested we had but



two days' rations on hand. The mills were taken possession of, and the citizens were required to contribute from their supplies. Only quarter rations were issued from the first, and the officers fared but little better than the men. The supply of coffee and sugar was exhausted in three or four days, and there after during the siege only a small piece of bread, (made from a mixture of flour, meal and bran,) together with an occasional piece of fresh pork, were issued for each twenty-four hours' supply.

Later in the siege, corn on the cob was issued two or three times, as a substitute for the bread, and was eaten by many without even waiting to roast it. We frequently ate our day's allowance at once, and with undiminished appetite, waited twenty-four hours for the next day's rations. Sometimes we divided the allowance into three parts, and although they were each scarcely more than mouthfuls, we imagined that they better satisfied our constantly increasing hunger.

Foraging parties that were sent south of the river secured considerable quantities of corn and wheat, which, with supplies that were floated down the river on rafts by loyal Tennesseans, helped to prolong our capacity for endurance. The enemy soon discovered the latter plan and cut off any further hope in that direction.

Hearing that the enemy were building a huge raft of logs to float against our pontoon bridge, and carry away our only avenue of communication with the country to the south, an iron cable was constructed and stretched across the river above the bridge, and a boom of logs, fastened end to end, still further up the river.

We afterwards learned that although it was meditated, no raft was ever constructed.

From the first, Fort Sanders had been considered to be the key to our position, and details of men had been at work upon it each night, and it had been very materially strengthened. Cotton bales had been brought from the town and placed upon the parapet, and covered with wet hides to prevent the

guns setting them on fire; cannon had been placed to the right of the angle to rake the ditch in front of the fort, which ditch was from eight to ten feet deep and about ten feet wide. These, with wire which had been stretched from stump to stump on the slope in front of the fort, rendered the defenses such, that a successful attack at that point was thought improbable.\*

During the night of the 27th, there was a great deal of cheering along the enemy's lines, and their bands entertained us with a variety of music. They were evidently in receipt of good news or reinforcements. Late in the afternoon of the next day, movements of troops and chopping of trees in the woods in front of the fort were distinctly heard by our skirmishers, and reported by Capt. Delos Phillips, who had command of the skirmish line, to General Ferrero. The trees in front of the enemy's battery on the south side of the river, were also cleared away, making it evident that some movement was pending, to be directed, possibly, against the fort. That night, a larger detail than usual was made for skirmishers, and the troops that remained on the main line were more than ordinarily watchful. Coming in from a twenty-four hours' fast on the skirmish line, I had just received and eaten my next days' allowance, when suddenly heavy musketry along our entire division-front made it evident that our skirmish line had been attacked. A few of our men coming in, reported that the line had been taken, and most of our men were prisoners. A fresh detail was at once made, and, advancing about half-way to our old line, a new line was established, and by working nearly all night, new pits were thrown up. The first light of morning, on the 29th of November, revealed the fact that our old line was occupied by the enemy's skirmishers. During the night, the 79th New York had erected a fine flagstaff in the fort, and, the division band having come up, just as the sun was rising, the "stars and

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\* The armament of the fort consisted of four twenty-pound Parrotts, four light twelve-pounders, and two three-inch steel rifles; a few yards to the south, a redoubt with two of Buckley's twelve-pounders, covered the left angle.

stripes glided up into the sun-light to the magical strains of the 'Star-spangled Banner.' This air, always inspiring, seemed never so appropriate before, and, in cheer after cheer, we gave almost involuntary response to the feeling of joy it provoked, while the flag, spreading itself out on the breeze, waved a defiance to the enemy. Suddenly, the enemy opened a furious cannonade on Fort Sanders from their batteries, which were posted at distances varying from seven hundred to one thousand five hundred yards: on the west, one battery of six twelve-pounders, and another of twenty-pound Parrotts; on the north, one battery of twenty-pound Parrotts and two three-inch rifles, and two batteries of two guns each; across the Holston, one battery of six guns. Occasionally, a shell from their battery, going over the fort and our skirmish line burst in their own line in our front. We were short of ammunition, and our batteries reserved their fire for the threatened attack, and the infantry in the fort and to each side silently awaited the result. In about twenty minutes their fire slackened, and, instead, the well-known yell rang out, as three masses of the enemy's troops were seen coming up the slope towards the north-west angle of the fort. Notwithstanding the wire entanglements, which for a time threw their line into the greatest confusion, the cannister from the guns of the fort, and the infantry fire of portions of the 1st and 3rd brigades, their men gained the ditch, when, leaping in, they attempted to scale the opposite side and the parapet of the fort. The weight of the enemy's columns pressed those in front on into the ditch, until it was nearly filled by a mass of men who were vainly essaying to either scale the fort or protect themselves from the raking fire of our cannon. Such was the desperation of the assault that a number of the enemy succeeded in climbing the embankment, and demanded the surrender of the fort, but were instantly shot or captured; the battle-flags of the 13th and 17th Mississippi and the 16th Georgia were planted on the parapet, but fell into our hands; the latter was carried by an officer, who, stepping in the embrasure in front of a cannon, laid his hand on the muzzle of the gun, and called

out to the gunners to surrender; the gun was discharged, and the man was blown to atoms, his flag falling into the fort. One of our men mounted the parapet with an axe and drove back some who were crawling up, while Lieut. Benjamin took shells in his hand, and lighting the fuse, tossed them over into the ditch to "still them down." \*

Not twenty minutes had passed since their movement was discovered, but seeing that it was useless to press the attack further, the enemy's troops were withdrawn, leaving, however, about seven hundred killed, wounded, and prisoners in our hands, over two hundred of them being in the ditch alone. The prisoners, numbering about three hundred, including seventeen officers, represented eleven regiments. Over one thousand stands of arms were left in our possession. †

Considering the fact that General Longstreet had the day before told his troops that our men were but raw recruits, who would run at their approach, and that he intended to eat his breakfast in Knoxville the next day, the result, so disastrous to them, was, to us, a most decisive victory—our loss was eight killed and five wounded, all told, and thirty captured. Two companies from the 2d, and four from the 17th Michigan were just entering the fort when the assault was repulsed and did not participate in the defense—about one half of our division and a portion of the second division were prepared to move to the threatened point should they be needed, while the reserve regiments were rapidly moving up. Thus, had the enemy *succeeded* in occupying the fort, the guns from Fort Byington, and the batteries south of the river, bearing on the fort from

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\* Mistaking these shells for mis-directed shots from his own batteries, General Longstreet sent orders to his artillery to cease firing.

† From Pollard's (Confederate) "Third Year of the War," the following extract is taken:—

"The force which was to attempt an enterprise which ranks with the most famous charges in military history, should be mentioned in detail. It consisted of three brigades of McLaw's division; that of General Wolford, the 16th, 18th, and 21th Georgia regiments, and Cobb's and Phillip's Georgia legions; that of General Humphrey's, the 13th, 17th, 21st, 22nd, and 23rd Mississippi regiments; and a brigade composed of Generals Anderson's and Bryant's brigades, embracing, among others, the Palmetto State Guards, the 15th South Carolina regiment, and the 51st, 53rd, and 59th Georgia regiments."—Pages 161, 162.

the rear—which was uncovered—and the force of men we could have thrown upon that point would have rendered it untenable.

In a conversation with General Burnside, recently, he remarked that “He would have defended that point with the entire strength of the army.”

Lines of telegraph connected all the forts on the defenses with headquarters, and, sleeping without undressing, and with an operator always on duty in the same room, there was little danger of an attack finding Burnside unprepared.

Colonel O. M. Poe and Colonel E. P. Alexander, who held positions of Chief Engineer on the respective staffs of Generals Burnside and Longstreet, had been acquainted at West Point, before the war; during the truce that General Burnside permitted, in which the dead and wounded were removed, these officers met near the ruins of the Armstrong House. Colonel Poe very naturally felt like bantering Colonel Alexander about the morning’s work, and asked him “if they intended to try it again,” which was answered in the negative. Colonel Alexander then said, “we didn’t know there was a ditch in front of the fort;” which was responded to by an invitation from Colonel Poe to “go up and see it,” but was politely declined, with “I am fully satisfied on that point.”

About 1 o’clock, p. m., procuring a temporary relief, I went up to the fort, where details of both our and the enemy’s troops were engaged in removing the dead and wounded. I do not wish to revive the feelings I experienced in looking at that terrible scene, nor could I adequately express them if I so desired.

Picking up a good Enfield rifle, and cutting off a button from a dead confederate officer’s coat for a relic, I was hastening back, when on passing a man that I had previously noticed as dead—being fearfully mutilated—I caught a side glance of him shaking his head at me; the effect was startling, and it was not till I had placed a long jump between the body and me, that I noticed that the man’s head rested on one end of his gun, and owing to the inequality of the ground, my step-

ping on the other end had made him appear to shake his head. During the truce a good many of our men went down half-way and met an equal number of the enemy's skirmishers, with whom a running fire of bantering and black-guarding was kept up, till a gun from Fort Sanders ended the truce and the men resumed their respective positions.

In a letter dated October 18, 1870, Colonel E. P. Alexander says, "I believe that I know as much or more of the assault on Fort Sanders than any one living, as I first proposed and planned it—not, however, as it was carried out—for several days' delay was caused by the arrival, upon the ground, of Bragg's engineer—General Leadbeater—who insisted on an attempt *above* the town, which however he gave up in a reconnoissance, and by an additional delay of one day of bad weather, during which General Leadbeater suddenly decided to give up the plan we had agreed upon, and try a *surprise!!!!*—I was then too young and modest to say a word of objection, and the attempted surprise ended as you well know—though doubtless the attack was and will always remain a surprise to you, in one sense at least." I was in front of our lines during the flag of truce, in conversation with Ferrero, Poe, Babcock and Benjamin (whom I had known previously) and I have a very good idea of the fort, and I believed then and still believe that it was (with all due respect for Colonel Poe) *very faulty in plan, and very easy to take by a properly managed assault*. We would have renewed it in a short while by main force, but just as it failed, a telegram from Richmond brought orders to raise the siege and go to Bragg at once; so Longstreet accepted the flag and prepared to retreat southward that night, but that afternoon we heard from Bragg that he was whipped and gone beyond our reach; so next day we determined to try you again, and, to satisfy everybody, made a reconnoissance of your whole line and decided again that *we could take Fort Sanders*.

"Before we got all ready again, the approach of Sherman decided Longstreet to give up the attempt and retreat northward."

The same officer in a letter, dated July 10th, 1867, gives his reasons for the defeat as follows: "I attribute our failure to three causes: 1st. The troops were under arms and in position all night without food or fire and gave full warning of their purpose by taking the picket lines at 11 o'clock at night. 2d. The attempt was intended to be a surprise, and twenty-four guns and four howitzers, rigged as mortars, which had been prepared at cost of several days' delay, to enfilade the principal lines of the fort and the adjacent entrenchments, were not used at all, except as signals for the attack. 3d. Two brigades intended to go right and left of column of assault on capital, converged on that point, and the three commands became so intermingled that it was impossible to get anything done by either one. About two thousand men huddled together in this 'sector without fire,' and stood for ten or fifteen minutes doing nothing as a mass, and then withdrew. We would have resumed the assault in an hour, but a telegram came from the war department in Richmond, ordering us to move with all haste to join Bragg. That night as we were about to start, we heard of Bragg's defeat and retreat, and we then decided to fight it out at Knoxville, and made fresh reconnoissances and dispositions for attack. Probably at the same point, though some preferred a point further to our left where the railroad depot had been. I never thought that a good point however."

General Longstreet in a letter dated July 12th, 1871, refers to the "second attack," mentioned by Colonel Alexander. "The supposed second attack on Fort Sanders is a decided error. Such a thought never occurred to me. At the moment of our repulse, B. R. Johnson, who had just joined me from Chattanooga with two brigades, and being a part of our supporting force, asked to be permitted, with his brigades, to continue the effort, but was ordered to desist, and orders were immediately given to withdraw our lines for the purpose of returning to the army at Chattanooga. It was at this moment that I received information, *via* Richmond, of the great discomfiture of our

army at Chattenooga, and at the same time I received orders to withdraw, and go to the succor of that army. To have attempted to obey this order would have placed Grant with his victorious army directly between our fragments, the greater force already beaten and in retreat. Our officers were called together and seemed inclined to try to rejoin the army through the mountains. This we might have accomplished in small detachments, but we could not have been of any service whilst engaged in the move. After due reflection, it seemed to me that there was only one thing left for me, a responsible officer to do, that was to disregard orders and counsel, and renew the siege at Knoxville, with the hope that Grant must send a succoring force to save his garrison, and that, when he had made that detachment, he would not be strong enough to pursue the discomfited army that was in front of him."

From that time forward, work was continued on our works, and no abatement of vigilance was allowed. The next day official news was received of the defeat of Bragg, and we began looking for reinforcements from Grant. Each day our rations grew less and less, and the probability of holding out much longer became smaller in proportion. The plan of cutting our way out was discussed among the men, but thought impracticable, as the troops were unfit for marching. It was equally certain, however, that the question of food was growing far too serious to remain as it was long. Some were sanguine that reinforcements would soon arrive, while others began to consider the probable hospitalities of Libby prison and the Andersonville pen with something of the seriousness they *would* have had if actually on the road. Whenever any of us could get off duty, we would stroll over to where the teamsters were feeding their mules; should the teamsters be gone, the mules invariably lost their rations. Frequently the kernels of corn that the mules and horses could not help losing were picked up out of the dirt and eaten by the nearly famished troops. I shall never forget the expression of reproach I fancied an old blind mule once gave me. He may



have gone to sleep supperless that night, for all I know. I have never stopped to consider; for my thoughts have never reverted to that incident without reviving the old unsettled question of "which, conscientiously, was the worst—stealing from a blind mule, that couldn't protect itself, or starving to death?" The last days of the siege were passed with little to break the wearisome monotony of the routine of duty, except the wild rumors that ran along the lines every few hours, which, although stimulating for a time, added to a growing depression when they were found to be untrue. The men were confident that nothing but lack of food could ever reduce the place, and nothing would have pleased us better than to have had the enemy try our lines at any point they desired. Indications of movements in the enemy's lines were the occasion, several times, of greater vigilance in ours; and, as each day that passed, made the attack or retreat of the enemy more imminent, the greatest precautions were taken. The skirmishers were supplied with cotton balls saturated with turpentine, that, in case of an attack at night, were to be lighted and thrown out to uncover an attacking column. Rockets were placed along the lines to be fired for the same purpose. In some places locomotive trucks and driving-wheels were fastened with ropes to stakes within our works, so that in the event of an assault, the ropes could be cut, and the trucks and wheels would roll down the hill. The creeks were dammed up, and the flats in front of portions of our lines were thus converted into ponds. All the extra arms that had been stored at the post, together with the arms captured at Fort Sanders, were issued, and fully one-half the troops had two guns each, which we kept mounted across the top of the works, *a la* Robinson Crusoe.

During the afternoon of the 4th of December, the enemy's skirmishers were unusually active, and it became a matter of science to fire from our skirmish-pits without presenting a target for some of the enemy's bullets. To even move the green boughs we had placed above the pits with our guns,

was sure to attract the attention of the enemy and provoke their fire. Our observations were thus necessarily somewhat disconnected; and when, every minute or two, we raised up to fire or take a view of the situation, it was invariably done on the principle of the most "situation" to the least time. Their fire was so rapid that it was considered to be an indication of an attack or to cover a movement; and the former being generally accepted, the men stood under arms all the night following. Two or three times, when the skirmishers began firing, it was thought to be the initiation of an assault, and we expected every moment to have to resist the enemy's attack. The night wore away, and the morning revealed no sign of movement in the enemy's lines. The smoke was rising as usual from different portions of their pits, but the winds that came across to us gave rise to a suspicion, which at first was considered ominous. There was no sound afloat, and the extraordinary silence of the enemy created grave apprehensions of a guarded attack, a misapprehension which lasted but a few minutes, however, for cheering in the First Brigade spread the intelligence of the discovery that the enemy had retreated, and the siege was raised. To say that we bore this news, together with that of the approach of General Sherman, soon afterward learned, with commendable resignation, would hardly express our feelings, unless cheering until we were out of breath, and then, after going after our hats, which we had thrown away with the "tiger," shaking hands with every one we met, should be considered manifestations of that comfortable condition.

The same day, toward noon, General Sherman's Aide-de-Camp arrived with the following cheering message from the General: "I am here at Marysville, and can bring 25,000 men into Knoxville to-morrow; but Longstreet having retreated, I feel disposed to stop, for a stern chase is a long one; but I will do all that is possible. Without you specify that you want troops, I will let mine rest to-morrow and ride in to see you. Send my aide, Captain Andenried, out with your letters to-

night. We are all hearty, but tired. Accept my congratulations at your successful defense, and your patient endurance."

On the 6th, General Burnside had a personal interview with General Sherman, and on the 7th addressed him the following grateful acknowledgement; he said: "I desire to express to you, and your command, my most hearty thanks and gratitude for your promptness in coming to our relief during the siege of Knoxville, and I am satisfied that your approach served to raise the siege. The emergency having passed, I do not deem, for the present, any other portion of your command, than the corps of General Granger necessary for operations in this section. And, inasmuch as General Grant has weakened the forces immediately with him in order to relieve us, thereby rendering portions of General Thomas' less secure, I think it advisable that all the troops now here, except those commanded by General Granger, should return at once to within supporting distance of the forces operating against General Bragg's army. In behalf of my command, I again desire to thank you and your command for the kindness you have done us."

The successful defense of East Tennessee was considered of sufficient importance to warrant an official recognition, and on the 7th of December the President issued a proclamation referring in congratulatory terms to the retreat of the enemy from before Knoxville, "under the circumstances rendering it probable that the Union forces cannot hereafter be dislodged from that important position;" and recommending that "all loyal people do, on receipt of this information, assemble at their places of worship, and render special homage and gratitude to Almighty God for this great advancement of the National cause."

In regard to the conception of the plan of the campaign by General Bragg, an extract from a letter dated July 12, 1871, from General Longstreet will be of interest. He says "I have concluded to send you a copy of a letter written by me just

on point of mounting my horse to start upon the East Tennessee Campaign—it was written after my tent was struck, sitting in the rain (a light drizzle), from the head of an empty flour barrel—but I think that, concise and hurriedly as it was written, it plainly indicated that I understood what Grant's Campaign would be, that is, I understood the conditions and situations of the two armies well enough to know what Grant *should* do, and it is nearly always safe to assume, with such a man, that he will do what he should do. Seeing the letter, that I send a copy of, amongst my papers that I was overlooking, I determined to send it, in order that you might be assured of our force and of my appreciation of the campaign when it was projected by General Bragg."

HEADQUARTERS, CHATTENOOGA, NOV. 5, 1863.

S. B. BUCKNER, Major General.

My Dear General,

I start to-day for Tyner's Station, and expect to get transportation to-morrow for Sweet Water.

The weather is so bad, and I find myself so much occupied, that I shall not be able to see you to say good bye.

When I heard the report, around camp, that I was to go into East Tennessee, I set to work at once to try and plan the means of making the move with security, and the hope of great results.

As every other move had been proposed to the General and rejected, or put off till time made them more inconvenient, I came to the conclusion, as soon as the report reached me, that this was to be the fate of our army: to await till all good opportunities had passed, and then, in desperation, to seize upon the least favorable one.

As no one had proposed this East Tennessee campaign to the General, I thought it possible that we might accomplish something by encouraging his own move, and proposed the following plan, viz.: To withdraw from our present lines, and the forces now in East Tennessee—the latter to be done in order to give the impression to the enemy that we were retiring from East Tennessee, and concentrating near here for battle or for some other movement—and place our army in a strong (concentrated) position.

The moment the army was together, make a detachment of twenty thousand to move rapidly against Burnside, and destroy him; and by continued rapid movements to threaten the enemy's rear and his communications to the extent that might be necessary to draw him out

from his present position. This at best is a tedious process, but I thought it gave promise of some result, and was therefore better than lying here, destroying ourselves.

The move, as I proposed it, would have left this army in a strong position and safe, and would have made sure the capture of Burnside.

That is, the army here could spare twenty thousand if it were in the position that I proposed, better than it can spare twelve, occupying the lines that it now does. Twenty thousand men, well handled, could surely have captured Burnside and forces. Under present arrangements, however, the lines are to be held as they now are, and the detachment is to be of say twelve thousand. We thus expose both to failure, and really take no chance to ourselves of great results.

The only notice my plan received was a remark that General Hardee was pleased to make: "I don't think that that is a bad idea of Longstreet's." I undertook to explain the danger of having such a long line under the fire of the enemy's batteries, and he concentrated, as it were, right in our midst, and within twenty minutes' march of any portion of our line. But I was assured that he would not disturb us.

I repeated my ideas, but they did not even receive notice. 'Twas not till I had repeated it, however, that General Hardee even noticed me.

Have you any maps that you can give or lend me. I shall need every thing of the kind.

Do you know any reliable people living near and east of Knoxville from whom I might get information of the condition, strength, &c., of the enemy.

I have written in such hurry and confusion of packing and striking camp, that I doubt if I have made myself understood.

I remain, very sincerely, your friend,

(Signed)

J. LONGSTREET,

Lieutenant General.

It is not my desire that this article should be a criticism on the conduct of the campaign, either *pro* or *con*; my experience was quite too limited, and my position too circumscribed to admit of exhaustive or critical comments. It will not be overstepping the boundary of truth, however, to say that the part the Ninth Corps took in the campaign, was one that they may ever look back to with pride. Nor were we, or are we now, unwilling to admit the pluck and bravery of Longstreet's troops, especially at the assault on Fort Sanders, where it may be more reasonably assumed that they bravely attempted to carry out orders, which they found it impossible to execute,

from the nature of the "obstructions" which they encountered, rather than, as Colonel Alexander lucidly (?) explains, because "the Fort was very faulty in plan, and very easy to take."

If the Tennessee campaign had ended on the 5th of December, my recollections of it would be influenced as we were then, when the joy we felt was considered compensation for all the preceding fatigue and privations. Notwithstanding the winter that followed was made memorable and miserable by the fatigue and privations troops endured, the remembrance of the battle of Campbell station and the siege of Knoxville are full of interest, which no subsequent experience has, or ever can erase from my memory.

# RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

## East Tennessee Campaign.

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BATTLE OF CAMPBELL STATION, 16TH Nov., 1863;  
SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE, 17TH Nov.—5TH DEC., 1863.

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BY  
WILL. H. BREARLEY,  
CO. E., 17TH MICH. VOLS.

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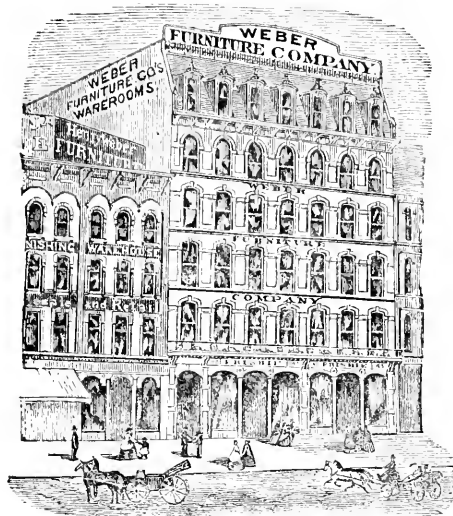
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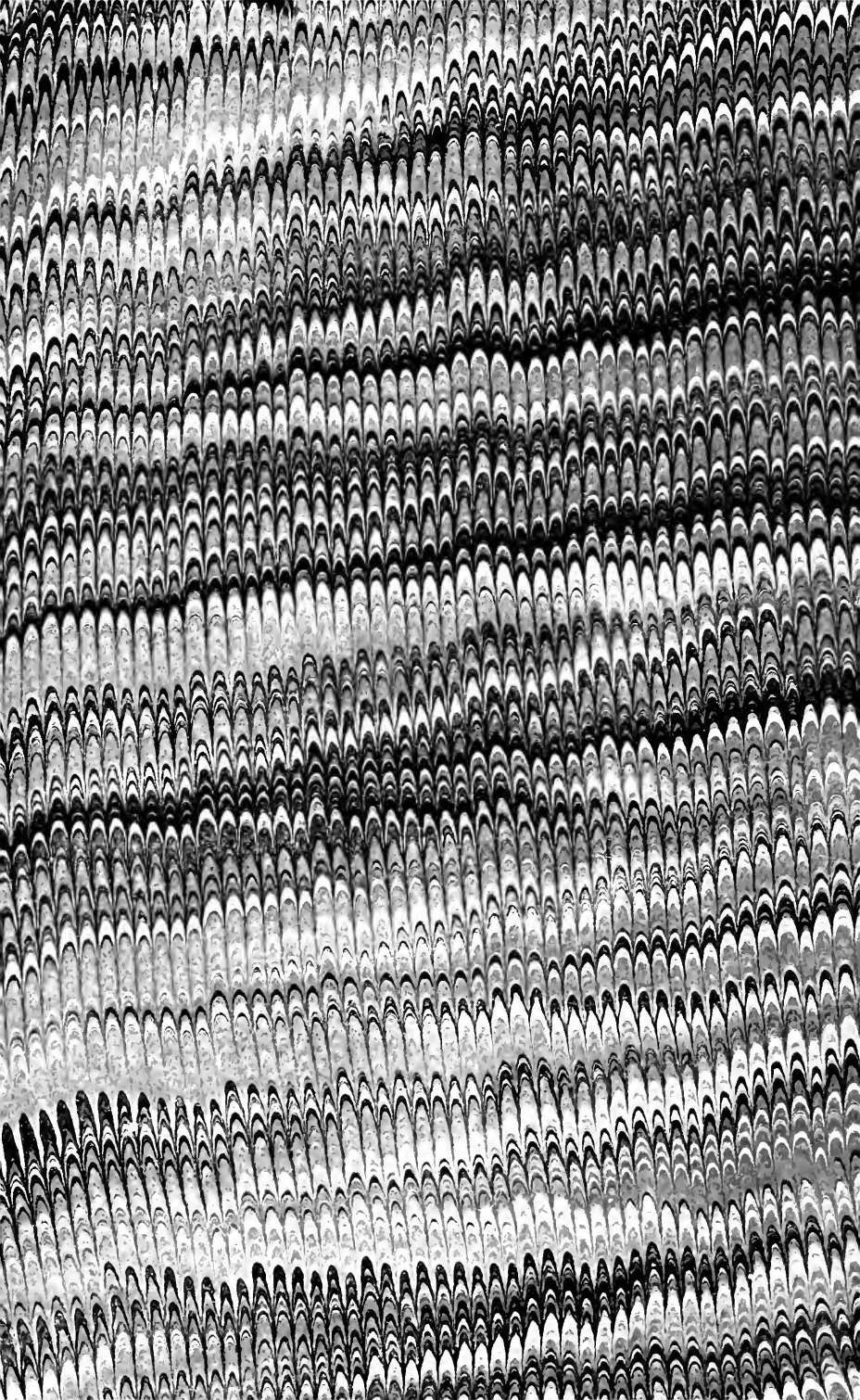




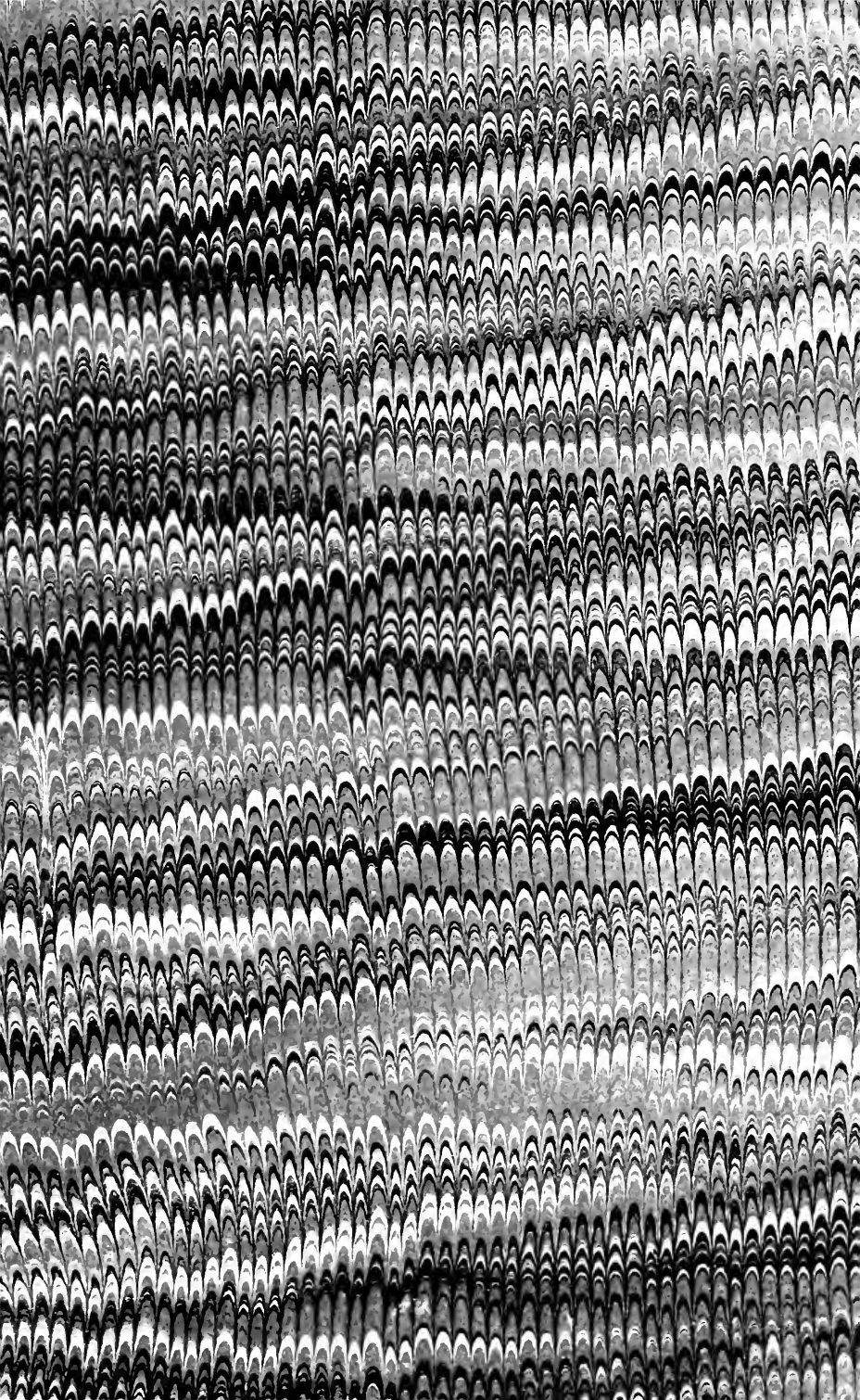












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